

The castell of pleasure.



The conueyaunce of a dreame how Desyre went to the
castell of pleasure/wherin was the gardyn of affecyon in
habited by Beaute to whome he ainerously expressed his
loue vpon y^e whiche supplicacyon rose grete stryfe dyspu-
tacyon/and argument betwene Wyte and Dysdayne. ❀

Coplande the prynter to the auctour.

CYour mynde consydered / & your good entent
Theffecte regarded / in euery maner case
your cꝝcumstaunce / and labour dꝑlygent
Who wyl construe / is of grete effꝑace
your sentences morally renbrace
Concerneth reason of laurꝑate graunte
ponge tender hertes / tal:te With ampte

Cyour age also flouryng in byrent youthe
So to bestowe is gretly to commende
Bookes to endyte of maters ryght vncouth
Ensample gyuyng to all suche as pꝑetende
In tharte of loue theyꝝ myndes to condescende
In terines freshe / theyꝝ courage to endewe
Not With rude topes / but elegant and newe

Cyet ben there many that lytell regarde
your pleasures castell / inhabyte with beaute
And I am sure wolde gyue but small rewarde
For this your labour / and studious dꝑte
But had ye compyled some maner subtylte
Lucre to gete / theyꝝ neyghbour to begyle
They wolde alowe it a perfyte dyscrete style

Chauctour.

CMy boke of loue / belongs to no suche arte
But to the pleasure / is his hoole affeccyon
Of gentyll people / whiche lyketh to take parte
In pleasaunt youth / with amorous dꝑleccyon
Honour regarded / in clene cꝝcumspeccyon
Layenge a parte / all wylfull bayne desyre

To conforthe them that brenne in loupnge fyre

Coplande.

Bokes of loue innumerable prynted be
I mene of ladyes / and many a hardy knyght
Without regarde of sensuall nyete
In loue exploytyng / truely with all theyr myght
But loue of golde / these dayes blyndeth the syght
Of men and women / haupnge theyr delyte
Oncly for mede to do theyr appetyte.

Chauctour.

Enprynt this boke / Coplande at my request
And put it forth to cuery maner of state
It doeth no good lyenge styll in my chyst
To passe the tyme some wyll bye it algate
Cause it is newe / compyled now of late
At lest way yonge folke / wyll gladly seke recure
Beauty to gete in the toure of pleasure.

Coplande.

At your instaunce / I shall it gladly impresse
But the bitteraunce I thynke wyll be but smale
Bokes be not set by theyr tymes is past I gesse
The dyse and kardes / in dypnyng wyne and ale
Tables / cayles / and balles / they be now set a sale
Men let theyr chyldren vse al suche harlotry
That byenge of bokes they bitterly deny

Finit prologus

En passant le temps
sans mal pruer.

a. li.



Poynnyng & trauerfynge hystories bristefaste
In Ouydes booke of transformatyon
It was my fortune and chaunce at the laste
In ouertoynyng of þe leues to se in what fneyō
Phebus was inflamyd by inspyracyon
Of cruell cupyde to hym unmercifable
Whiche of hym was worthy no commendacyon
Shewynge hymselfe al wayes deceyuable
Therefore I wolde gladly yf I were able
The maner playnly and in fewe wordes dysclose
How phebus and cupyd togyer were compenable
Fyyst it to thewe I wyll me dyspose

Phebus set on pryde and hault in corage
Spake theie wordes of grete audacyte
Cupyde thou boy of yonge and tender aege
How mayst thou be so bolde to compare with me
These arrowes becomen me as thou mayst clerely se
Wherwith I maye wounde bothe man and beste
And for that at all creature sbe subgett to the
So moche is thy power lesse than myn at eche feste
Well well sayd cupyde it lyketh you to geste
This sayd he assended to the mount pernaflus
On the hyght his armes shortly abrode he keste
And sayd I trust I shall this in haste dyscusse.

For a profe he toke forth of his arrowy quiver
A golden darte with loue ryght penytrable
Made sharpe at the poynt that it myght enter
With it he stroke phebus with a stroke ryght lamentable
It to resyste he was weyke and vnable
The stroke of his power who can or may resyste

But he must obey / and to loue be agreable
Cōstreyned by cuppyde Whiche may stryke Whome he lyst
Another darte he toke soone in his fyfte
Contrary to thoder ledyn blont and heuy
With this he stroke Phebus loue or she wyfte
So that the more he desyred the more she dyd deny

Her name was Daphny's Whiche deuopde of loue
By dame saunce mercy Whiche made hym to complayne
Cuppyde in sondry wyse his power dyde proue
On thone wuh loue on thoder with dysdayne
Thone dyd fle thoder wolde optayne
Thone was gladd thoder was in wo
Thone was pencyfe and oppressed with payne
Thoder in Joye cared not thoughe it were so
By fere and dysdayne she dyd hym ouergo
Lyke to an hare she ranne in haste
He folowed lyke a grehounoe desyre wrought hym wo
But all was in vayne his labour was but waste.

Thenyght drewe nye the daye was at a fyde
My heric was heuy I moche desyred rest
Whan without confort alone I dyd abyde
Seynge the shadowes fall frome the hylles in the west
Eche byrde vnder bough drewe nye to theyr nest
The chymneys frome terre began to smoke
Eche housholder went about to lodge his gest
The storke ferynge stormes toke the chymney for a cloke
Eche chambze and chyst were soone put vnder locke
Curfew was ronge lyghtes were set bp in haste
They that were without for lodgyng soone dyd knocke
Which were playne pcedentes þ daye was clerely paste
A.iii.

Thus a depe I fell by a sodayne chaunce
Whan I lacked lyght alone without conforzte
My soze study With slouth dyde me enhaunce
Myne eyes were heuy my tonge without dysporte
Caused many fantasyes to me to resorte
My herte was moche musinge my mynde was baryaut
So I was troubled with this vnglacypous sorte
That my herte & mynde to slouth shortly dyde graunt
Aboute the whiche whyles I was attendaunt
Sodaynly came Morpheus & at a brayde
Not affrayd but lyke a man ryght valpaunt
Couragpously to me these wordes he sayde.

Morpheus.

Well knownen it is and noysed for a trothe
Thoughe pchaunce it hath not attayned yet to your audy
How Desyre in mynde hath made a solempne othe (ence
Beaute to serue without resistance
So to contynue he doeth ryght well pzevence
Durynge his lyfe With loue stedfast and sure
In parfete loue to kepe one contynuaunce
It is his mynde to do her suche pleasure.

On faruent loue he set holy his mynde
Loue is his pleasure yet loue putteth hym to payne
Moche rule I ensue you hath nature and kynde
In hym as is possyble in one to remayne
He wolde fayne haue release and dare not yet complayne
Howbeit to suche a poynte he is now brought
That eyther to shewe his mynde he must shortly be fayne
Or elles his Joye is clerely solde and bought.

For the whiche it is done me to vnderstande

That he wyll shortly now expresse his entent
And this they saye he wyll take on hande
To go to her pience wherfore be dyligent
And walke with me and be obedyent
And I shall soone knowe how he shall spede
I must of duety holde me content
So ye supporte me alwaye whan I haue nede

The mountayne of courage

This sayd sodaynly by a chaunce repentyne
I was ascendynge a goodly mountayne
About the whiche þe sonne ouer eche syde dyd shyne
Wherof the coulour made my herte ryght fayne
To se the golden valeyes bothe fayre and playne
But whan I to the toppe was nye auanced
None of my Ioyntes coude togyder contayne
For Ioye my herte leped and my body daunced.

What call ye this hyll I pray you tell
This is the mountayne of lusty courage
This hath ben inhabtyed of many a rebell
As bnyndnes/enmyte/dysdayne/ and dotage
But now they be dystroyed by marcyall apparage
So that now adayes here dwelleth none
yet dysdayne hath gotten a more stately auantage
For in the castell of pleasure she troubles many one.

Now goodly Iustes here on they exercyse
By thactyues of many a champpon
And these well gargaled galeries they dyd deuise
To thentente that ladyes myght haue prospectyon
And to suche as were worth þe graunte loue & affectyon
And also whan they lust were they courage to vse

To daunce amonges them they toke a dyrectyon
As they myght well and not them selfe abuse

Whan I aduerted of these galeries y quadrāt facyon
The meruaylous mountayne so well made playne
We thought that syth the incarnacyon
Was neuer seen a more goodly mountayne
For Joye my herte leped I was so fayne
Of it I was so ioyous and so well appade
I coude in no wyse my mynde refrayne
To suche tyme this as prayse of it I made

O puyssaunt courage chese cause of conforste
Thou mayst well benye the castell of pleasure
O hyll thupholder of all doughty dyspozte
O marcyall manhode thou arte the treasure
Out of thy bankes is gotten the bze
That causeth the pastymes of parfytte prowes
O mountayne god graunt the longe to endure
Syth thou arte lantern of lastynge lustynes.

So forth we walked on that goodly hyll
To that we came to the bankes syde
To se the fayre castell than we stode styll
And to se the rennyng ryuer there we dyde abyde
To haue a lowe water we taryed the tyde
The name of this water then thus he dyd expresse
To dystroye chaungeable & peple oppressed w pryde
They call this water the lauer of lowdynes

On the stones of stedfastnes rennes this water clere
To ouercome folkes chaungeable & proude of herte & myde

Suche men shall be put in ryght grete daunger
For than wellethe the water contrary to his kynde
So that they can not the steppynge stone fynde
By the meane wherof they be troubled so sore
With the wyld wawes wauerynge with the wynde
That for lacke of helpe they are ryght soone forloze.

But blessed be god we came in good season
Well passe this same I trust we shall in haste
Be not slowe but arme you with reason
How ye shall gete ouer in mynde afore well caste
To be to forwarde ye may soone make waste
So forth we wente in pacyent humylte
And whan I this water was well past
I loked backe and sayd this in breuyte.

Slowly lauer slydynge ouer the stones of stedfastnes
Dryall ryuer whiche proueth perfyte
All proude people that delytes in doublenes
Thou drownest them in thy strems ryght shortly
Thou hast a more prayseable proprety
Then euer had the well of helycon
The mother of mekenes conserue the perpetually
Syth thou arte the mother water of vertues many one

So whan I towarde the castell dyrected my loke
Whiche then was not from me a full stones caste
I remembred that I had redde in many a boke
That in this place of plesure were many a stormy blast
Not with stondynge I thought all perylls had be past
Whan I sawe of this castell the royall gates
Yet afore I knewe that pleasour coude not last

There as dysdayne is in fauour with estates

This royall castell was on eche syde quadraunt
Gargaled with goodly grehoundes & beestes many one
The tyrannous tygre the stronge & myghty elephaunt
With a castell on his backe whiche he bare alone
The lyons spy eyes with rubyes there shone
The golden grephyn with clees of asure
The bycorne alowe with a rufull mone
Stode there as desolate of lyuely creature.

The walles were allectynge of adamantes
The wyndowes of crystall were well fortifyed
And as I was lokynge on these elyphauntes
On the gates two scryptures I aspyed
Them for to rede my mynde than I applyed
Wryten in golde and yndye blew for folkes furtheraunce
They betoken two wayes as after well I tryed
These scryptures as I remembre th^o sowned i substance

Who as in to this place wyll take his entrynge
Must of these wayes haue fre electyon
yf he lyst be lusty lepe daunce and synge
Or yf in worldly welthe he set his affectyon
In honour ryches or prosperous inuencion
He shall be conueyed yf he wyll so ensewe
Elles to the scrypture vnderneath let hym gyue intencion
Whiche is set out in letters of yndye blew.

Who so doeth sette his pleasure and delyte
His faruent herte to conioyne stedfastly
On the loue of Beaute a blossom ryght wyte

Or on ony of her ladyes let hym ententyfely
Be content his mynde and courage to apply
To suche as to conduyt all folkes lyeth in wayte
For none can without theyr leue passe them by
Nor yet attayne to beautes hygh estate

This sayd my mynde mused gretely
Whiche of these wayes I was best to take
Wherby I called to remembraunce shortly
How Hercules of aege but tendre and wake
New at yeres of dyscrecyon his mynde sore brake
Whā he sawe two wayes y one of true y other of pleasure
And of the nyght it caused hym ryght ofte to wake
By cause he knewe not the waye of pefyte measure.

yet suche was his fortune ryght happy was his chaūce
Whiche toke the waye so moche prayfable
This to pleasure and welthe doeth men auaunce
This other doeth enduce one to be ampyable
I am hereby moche troubled my mynde is vnstable
What remedy shall I fynde to make my mynde stedfast
I wyll endeuer me to reason to be conformable
All my wyttes serched I trust it so to caste

This golden scrypture is ryght moche pleasaunte
And hath dampned the eyes of men many one
I am sore troubled to whiche waye holde I graunte
Syth I am now here in maner as man alone
This loue lasteth whan all ryches is gone
Therefore I thynke it best with it to be content
Consyderynge that fewe theyr myffortune wyll mone
That haue mo faces than hertes as dayly is euident.

My mynde thus establyshed I was about to prayse
This palays precpous and castell ryght confortable
Whan I had chosen the surest of these wayes
So than I was brought on an euyn table
For to go to beautye I was than agreable
And the rather bycause of morpheus desyre
Whiche sayd that to hym company was deceyuable
This castell then thus praysed I enflamed w loues fyre

O precpous palays of princely pulchrytude
Walled with adimantes whiche draweth by byolence
Accoꝝdyng to thy power and thy stones fortitude
All thynges of yron so this castell by influence
Draweth to hym herte as I sawe & dyd prepeuce
Therefore o castell Iesu the preserue
A est by some pery we myght be dꝝyuen heng
For durynge lyfe and helthe I entende the to obserue.

Whan I was entred in to this ryall place
Confort me welcomed with an herty semblaunce
Sayenge what wolde ye that ye came to his place
Come forwarde and be not afraid your selfe to auaunce
To speke with desyre I dyd me hyder enhaunce
She sayd desyre is but a lytle past
I shall you to hym byynge yf ye haue good vtterauce
I trust ye shall by my good helpe to se hym in hast.

So forthe we walked within this base courte grene
Ye shall se here she sayd many goodly pastymes
Ye shall haue such Joye as ofte hath not be sene
Relatyng dauncyng balades and rymes
Synge ppyng ye shall se at sondꝝy tymes

All maner of gamynge ye shall se exerceysed
And vpon all quarelles troubles and crymes
Ryght solempne Iustes be here oft enterprysed .

But what way wyll ye take I had forgot all this whyle
Whether wyll ye to the hall or to beaute now expresse
For here the wayes partes I wos lyke you to begyle
In Beautyes presence I wolde fayne be doubteles
A then ye must be conueyd by my syster kyndnes
In decesy I had lyke to haue serued you gently
But se where she goeth let vs make shorte our processe
For to her presence bryngge you now wyll I

Good syster kyndnes I praye you conuey
This gentylman whiche sayth wolde speke with desyre
At your request I can not saye hym naye
Yf it were in me to gyue hym an hole empyre
But is he I praye you enflamed with loues fyre
That after desyre he goeth so fast appace
Till he this mater spede I hertly you requyre
And I shall tell you that in an other place.

Well good ynoughe go ye aboute your besynes
Syr for comforte sake ye be ryght hertly welcome
Then comforte to the gate dyd her redresse
For sorowe wherof I was in maner dumme
I was so mased yet whan my mynde was come
I thanked her in my hartest maner possyble
Bescechyng god to sende her suche a some
As myght recompense double and tryble.

What moued you to come in to the partyes
B.I.

And I praye you by whome were ye hyther brought
That ye haue passed so well the Jeopardyes
By the meane of Morpheus as now I hyther sought
For I wolde haue entred in though dere I hadit bought
One cause was fantasy I can not it denye
Syr hyder be ye welcome as hertely as can be thought
And I trust in haste ye shall se fantasy

This sayd I was nye the gardyn of affeccyon
Whiche apperyd to my syght bothe gay and glozvous
Enuyronde with enuyraudes to it a free proteccyon
The perceynge dyamonde the amatisse amorous
The stedfast Saphyr the blew turkes ryght prccyous
With many other stones I lacke conynge them to shewe
He thought it a new paradysse delycate and delycous
It shone so freshly and bare so grete auewe.

But where is Morpheus I merueyle y I hym lacke
He was here with me not very longe ago
By that I had this sayd I sodenly loked backe
I sawe hym and an other stande talkynge alone
I praye you who is this I haue not seen suche one
It is fantasy lo ye maye se that folkes of a quayntaunce
Where soeuer they mete the one wyll other mone
As these two do now without varyaunce.

Kyndnes than steppeth forth w a mery coustynaunce
Sayd syster fantasy why talke ye with this man
ye had nede be wylse lest there happen suche chaunce
As I fere not but well ynough ye can
Well well sayd fantasy why do ye fere me than
But syster fantasy ye must let this man entre your warde

To speke with desyre for his colour is pale and manne
Therfore to his retourne good syster be his sauegarde

O ye fere ye not but I wyll hym well hede
Ye wolde be gone well do and kepe your charge
Lest there be some that of your helpe hath nede
For there is many one þe wolde gyue mony ryght large
To haue you at theyr pleasure alway in theyr barge
That I well knowe and yet they get me not
And as ye sayd vnto me hede your owne charge
Thus fare ye well and regarde your chaunce and lot

Clyndres departed yet her power was present
Alwaye with fantasy enclosed in her herte
Than fantasy in at the gate dyd spent
I leped in after and sodaynly dyd sterre
Whan I sawe me enclosed about with a couerte
Set full of myxt trees the apple tre appered playne
Of pyramus and Thisbe dystroyed by loues carte
Whiche made me ofte to wyllhe that I were out agayne

Alas quod I what sodayne aduventure
I se this worlde is but vncertayne
I was late Ioyus as euer was creature
And now I folyshly haue locked me in loues chayne
I wene I be i laborynth⁹ where mynotaur⁹ dyd remaine
A blynde Cupyde is this thy guerdon
Makest thou folkes blynde doest thou so entertayne
Suche louers as se we to the for theyr padon.

I had forgotten the proces of alayne
Nothyng regarded the verses of byrgyll

Whiche sayth to hyde colours is but bayne
The worst colour ofte taken the fayrer abydes styll
For these that be fayr ofte chaunge theyr wyll
Al thynges as they shewe is not in substance
Whiche I perceyued now hath done me moche yll
That thus frome the shewe hath grete varyaunce

What moued hath your mynde why moorne yethus alone
Haue ye lost any frende or any other thyng
Nay thabysens of conforte ryght sore I mone
Whiche sayd I sholde here folkes bothe lute & synge
Thus she tolde me at our last partynge
And I can not se what waye that sholde ensewe
For but yf ye suche pastymes to me brynge
To all my Joye I maye well saye adewe.

C Doubte ye not but ye shall se thynges pleasaunte
If ye wyll be content to forbere a lytell space
For conforte about no man continually is attendaunte
None erthly creature shall styll stande in her grace
Joye reconcyled after angre she foloweth apace
After a grete peryp the wether semeth more clere
There is no man that hath ben in wofull case
But after that prosperite is to hym more dere.

None erthly pleasure maye be atteyned wout payne
Recorde the story in the tenth boke of Ouyde
Reherced by Venus to make Adonis of her fayne
How atalante soze set on pryde
Out ranne all folkes she wolde none abyde
They yf coude out reane her sholde haue her in maryage
They yf coude not were slayne none spared nor set a syde

This loue was made egall to that anauntage

Many coragrous wothers dyd assaye this Jcoperdy
But all were dystroyed she dyd them ouer go (by
yet as hyppomêtes saue her moster pulde doune the by &
he sayd I blamed these wroge I knewe not þ rewarde so
As I do now/whiche workes to me moche wo
My fortune vnprouyded shall neuer be leste alone
God alwayes helpeth bolde men and fortune also
I se therby promoted men many one

So venus perceyvinge the feruent stedfastnesse
Of this true louer lothe that he sholde be losse
But in his mynde as Ouyde doeth expresse
To take two golden apples oꝛ the at the mooste
To throwe downe onc of them she taught hy ſuche a tosse
Whan he ranne ayncst his lady þ she myght it take
So whā at sondꝝ times he had throwe doune all his cosse
he out ranne her & gate her to be his worldly make

Suche was his fortune by his grete boldnes
Thoughe it were to his payne yet it gate hym pleasure
For Venus in conclusyon doeth bolde louers redꝛes
As ye may se dayly in bye
This sayd we were in a gardyn ryght pure
Depaynted with blossomes of sondꝝ odoures
Lo quod she how sape ye haue ye not now pleasure
To walke & knowe þ properties of these goodly floures

Pryncypally the pꝛymrose aboue floures all
With foure leues/and the roses these be moste in balue
Clicia was chaūged i to a marygold which is a memoꝛyal

Of her louer the sonne for she doeth hym ensue
At rpyng at lettynge amonge the droppes of dewe
Narcissus was chaunged in to a water cresse
Dianthus in to a floure delyse as oupde doeth shewe
Behersynge of the same floures many a propre proces.

This som thinge pulles bp my herte & encreseth my zfozt
Wherfore I wyll applye to you with due dplygence
Lo se here be all the floures of loue and dyspozte
I had almoost forgote my selfe it were tyme I were heng
I wyll go and now present you to eloquence
Whiche is here by at the Well of helycon
We thynke I se her therfore as I prepence
Best is to present you now whan she is alone

O famous floure O lady eloquence
Pleseth you to take with you this gentylman
So that ye may haue suche preemynence
As to hym in no wyse she we I can
I holde me well content but there is a man
Named desyre whiche wolde speke with my lady
There aboute I go / Well good ynoughe than
That ye haue put it of so longe meruell haue I

Than she talked to me of blysses
Tellynge me that he was a man ryght eloquent
Than to lene at the herbar where Beaute sat at ese
It pleased eloquence / yet the bowes were so bent
That we coude not se thrygh / yet fantasy was present
As we well herde by her communycacyon
And she wynged the maner of desyres entent
She ordered her wordes moche after this facyon.

Fantasy.

C Well of womanhede to vs lady and maystres
Pleaseth your hyghnes of your aboundaunt grace
To knowe how Desyre in ryght grete heuynes
Requyred me to moeue you whan I had space
That he myght speke w you & to appoynt tyme & place
Whan he myght a wayte on you & gyue you attendaunce
To shewe you all his grete and in what wofull case
He doeth endure without dyssemblaunce.

C Beaute.

C Ye knowe well fantasy I am nothyng accompanied
Lyke as I wolde be whan he shall attayne my presence
Therfore as best is let this be applyed
Go ye and call hyther your syster credence
Let eloquence be nyghe lest there happeth some offence
For it is mete they be nyghe at this grete besynes
Quod dysdayne it is mete my lady haue preemynens
Lyke as becometh her estate and noblenes

C Forth went fantasy to do her message
Desyre thought he tarped very longe
And soze he was moeued with faruent corage
He thought he wold Jeopde though it sholde happē wroḡ
And in his grete trouble he called fantasyc amonge
Saynge ye forgete ye hede not my grete payne
yf som chaūce haue happed her I may syge a woful song
O: elles I fere me she be let by dysdayne.

Betwene hope and drede thus troubled ryght
He stepte forth with a solempne semblaunce
Thoughe I neuer attayne her I wyl th⁹ endure no more
So than forwarde he dyd hym selfe auauance
Lo quod dysdayne se ye this sodayne chaunce

Here is desyre what soden smoke caused this
Draue þ trauers quod Beaute let vs here this vtterance
He entred and kneled downe & spake nothynge amysse

The supplicacyon made by desyre to Beaute.

O excellent emperesse Whiche guydeth in your guardon
This goodly gardyn of ampyable affeccyon
Whiche also graunteth to true louers pardon
All obstynate people ye subdue to correcyon
It is also in your power and eleccyon
Louers to redres vnder Wlen⁹ ye haue moste power
By you they must be ordered after your dyscreccyon
Whiche in your gardyn sholde gader ony flour.

Pleaseth your hyghnes to gyue hede and intent
To this expressynge of my wofull payne
Late to slepe whan I was dplygent
To me there happed a grete cause to complayne
None erthly conforste coude in me remayne
Cuppyde had bewrapped myne herte so soze
To serche meane to slepe it was but vayne
I was neuer so troubled syth that tyme nor befoze.

To me there came as I well perceyued
Late sent from Cuppyde a golden darte ryght hote
Whiche perced me so soze whan I it fyrst receyued (bote
That neyther salues nor surgyens coude helpe nor be my
They durst not serche þ wounde it laye at myn herte rote
And for that there was but one that coude it remedy
It pleased me not than to go to here a mote
But ofte on Cuppyde it caused me out to crye.

It was your loue whiche was cause of all this
I can not denye it but shewe it in wordes playne
I durst to none erthy shewe my woo as it is
To overcome this feruent loue I dyde my bely payne
But when I sawe it ayyled not than I was fayne
To labour for socour then I thought it best
But yf ones grace be shewed none can sure helth obteyne
Thesore trustynge on pyte of this poynt I dyde rest.

Wherfore o lady preelecte pryncesse
On all louets haupnge the soueraynty
I hertely beseeche you my wo to redresse
The cause consydered of my grete icoperdy
I trust ye nether wyll ne can this my request deny
For I haue founde suche grace in your eyes or this
That yf all the peryll in the worlde sholde on it ly
I coude not forbere but tell you as it is.

No worldly ryches to you I can promyse
Moste I can saye is that ye shall be my moste conforte
But god which to al folkes after theyr merites can deuyse
Rewarde or punishment moste egally he doeth sorte
He is the lord of pyte Jusques a la mort
Gyue you rewarde and preserue you at all houres
Of perfyte loue he bereth a pryncy porte
And to encrease my Joye I aske no more but yours

Conclouynge

A proude presumptuous p'sone goeth neuer wout offence
ye haue well acquyted you now ye haue tolde this tale
It came of a hyghe wyte yf ye well prepece
Within her owne gardyn my lady to assaile
Without her lycence it lyked you to rayle

On cruell Cuppyde your pryde Wyl haue a fall
I trust to se you gladde your bonet to auayle
And amonge the waykest be put backe to the wall

Lyke as a sodayn rebuke moche greueth ones herte
Whiche late hath begonne to be aduenturous
So this caused desyre soze astorped to sterte
Sawenge I haue attempted a thyng ryght Jeopardous
To attayne the p[re]sence of my lady mo[st]e beautifull
I can make none answer no[rr] vtterly denye
That but I haue presumed on a loue p[re]cious
It in this case I blame but hope and fantasy

I knowe no remedy what is best to be done
But yf pyte w[ith] this p[ri]ncesse be p[re]sent
I may as well elles go muse about the mone
As hyther to come to she we myn intent
As longe as dysdayne contynueth yll content
Wherfore for pyte I hertly call and crye
That she were w[ith] beaute me thynke it expedyent
To dysdayne in open audyence then spake pyte

Pyte.

What moueth you dysdayne this man this to reproue
Whiche I am sure came in none yll entent
But to expresse and repress his mynde & faruent loue
Hath he ony vngoodly wordes i[n] my ladyes p[re]sence spent
I perceyue no pryde in hym me thynketh hym dyslygent
And yf ye haue ony cause in hym now speke
yf not I assure you I can not be content
That w[ith] vnspyttyng wordes ye shold his herte thus b[re]ake
Dysdayne.

Sayre maystres I made not these wordes on my fyngers

Wene ye I wolde speke them & haue no grounde wherof
But fyrst I wyll say I shewe his fyrst byngers
In þe parlour wout the gate he myght haue stand alone
But I wyll tell you my causes syth ye be suche one
As must haue accomptes/ nay therof ye shall pardon me
I wyll seke for another whiche shall my trubles mone
I wyll fyrst knowe your rule/ what wote ye where ye be

CPyte.

CYe well ynoughe it semeth better then you
Except to reason ye be moze conformable
It is my ladyes power our reasons to allowe
I take no suche thng on me I knowe I am not able
I haue neyther power ne comaūdemēt but as is agreable
To my ladyes pleasure but by reasons to make argumēt
That suche reasons well weyed my mynde may be stable
And by contraryous reasons to serche out his true entent

CDysdayne.

CI am cōtent to put my cause in to my ladyes handes
As it shall please her I must holde me content
But I owe you no scrupce I holde of you no landes
To shewe you my cause afore my lady I consent
Let her ordre me as she shall thynke conuenient
Why sholde he come without leue to her presence
Answer to this as ye thynke expedient
We thynke to my lady he hath done a grete offence.

CPyte

CThe cause consydered I trust ye wyll saye
That whan he came hyther he mynded no dyspleasure
As to warde my lady he came for the next waye
And as in his wordes he hath ordred hym by measure
He neyther sought hyther for golde ne treasure
But cuppe constrayned his courage to make moze haste

And but yf ye fynde some other cause then this I am sure
For this my lady wyll not hym out of her fauoure caste

CDysdayne.

Forther he hath made a grete exclamacyon
Complaynyng on cupyde callynge hym cause of his wo
Saynge in this wyse or moche after this facyon
The golden darre of Cupyde constreyneth me lo
I can not se by what meane it sholde be so
Sayenge he desyret my lady it to redresse
For than he sholde haue sought to Ven⁹ as many one do
And haue made his complaynt to that excellent goddesse

CPyte.

And yf ye well consyder he is worthy more prayse
That he to my lady made his supplicacyon
Than yf he had compassed her by more crafty wayes
It cometh of a good courage & he is worthy 2mendacyon
That he dare speke and trust to haue no replycacyon
Agayne his mynde feruent loue was cause of this
The whiche in hym had so grete operacyon
To make hym tell the trouth were it well or amysse.

CDysdayne.

Wene ye he be so feruente nay I waraunt you he shall lyue
Yf neuer more trouble came to his herte
Wene ye without cause he wolde to her loue gyue
Not knowynge her mynde to make hym so to smerte
He can well ynoughe fayne loue Duyde layde aparte
De arte ainandi whiche techeheth one to loue
Or els the squyer of ven⁹ dyd hym in the euenynge starte
And so to cast his fantasie hym sodaynly dyd moeue

CPyte.

May his colour dyscryueth of loue the feruent fyre
He is not crystened that can suche countynaunce fayne

Juppyter Whiche had subducd many to his empyre
As sodaynly With loue Cuppyde dyd hym retayne
And whan he to danaes in a golden shoure dyde cōplayne
His grete consydercd and well knowen for a trothe
She graunted hym loue and caused hym to remayne
What wyll ye haue forther than sure promyse and othe

CDysdayne.

CAs for promyse and othe I lytell them regarde
For as it is sayd wordes is nothyng but wynde
Was not parys false of promyse and harde
Whan to Enone he was so vnkynde
Whiche by a solempne othe to her dyd hym bynde
That he wolde mary her in all goodly haste
But whan the golden apple. iij. goddesses dyd fynde
His Jugement fulfilled his wordes proued but waste

CPyte.

CHe was enflamed but by aduenture
His pouerte made hym content his mynde to expresse
yet whan of his Jugement he had the effect & pleasure
None of his dedes accorded shortly nor in proccesse
But the dedes of Desyre solowed doubtles
For accordynge to his wordes he made grete labour
Hertely requyrynge my lady hym to redresse
Promysynge her the vtterest of his lytle power.

CDysdayne.

CPerchaunce that was more for ryches than for loue
Or bycause of her grete parentage he dyd to her sewe
So many one hath done as by experyence I can proue
Whiche appereth so cuedently þat I nede no exēples shewe
No laboereth for lucre whan a thyng is fallen newe
Than by feruent loue to attayne hault noblenes
Whiche causeth oft ladyes in heuy case to rewe

C.j.

And be moze ware to whome they theyr myndes expresse

CPyte.

(reason)

Thoughe many one haue so done can ye thynke in your
That desyre so entended whan he hyther came
Consyder it well and ye wyll thynke at this season
It was faruent courage that brought hym to his blame
Whiche had suche power in hym þ he lesse fered shame
Where as yf he had sued for ryches he wolde not so haue
As ye may vnderstande & yf ye regarde his name (done
ye wyll saye that pure loue was cause of it alone.

Dysdayne.

Admytte it was for loue yet many are chaungeable
Thoughe longe it hath contynued in approued kyndenes
Was not Jason to Medea longe agreable
yet after it chaunged he refused her in proces
What cruell herte had he whiche for her gentylnes
In none other wyse dyd her recompence
He regarded neyther kynred nor noblenes
This well consydered who wolde to theym gyue credence

CPyte.

Cye may not blame all thoughe some be chaungeable
I can tell you hystories of louers ryght stedfast
Pyramus and Thisbe contynued very stable
As longe as lyfe dyd in theyr bodyes last
Whan thone was deed thoder to deth dyd haste
Loue surely conioyned is a grete pleasure
Than why holde ye all louers out of fauour cast
Syth Thisbe of Pyramus had so grete a treasure

Dysdayne.

All these hystories are not prose suffycient
Syth hystories of bothe partes are ryght notable
Therefore with these reasons I wyll not be content

But I wyll pou put a questyon good and reportable
Whether loue comynge by effectyon be moze durable
Or loue comynge by 2dyctions heron shall be our argument
We thynke loue comynge by 2dyctions is lesse varyable
How thynke ye now I speke thewe your mynde & entent

Cyte.

We thynke contrary and for this reason
That loue comynge by effectyon shold endure a léger space
Loue is a conioynynge of two hertes for a scason
Thoughe perauenture they cōtynue not longe in a place
Yet in theyr absence suche loue encreaseth a pace
Where as yf it came by condycyous it coude not reuiue
But yf so were they myght be in suche case
That they myght contynue togyder all theyr lyue.

Cysdayne

Cyes the remembraunce therof remaineth in memory
And contynueth longe to theyr grete conforste
In what frendely maner and how gentylly
His loue to hym dyd at sondry tymes resorte
Fyndyge with hym goodly pastymes and dysporte
Hauynge no lust trome hym to dysseuer
We thynke of suche as are of this sorte
Loue shold contynue and last for euer.

Cyte

Moze surcly cupynted is and conioyned stedfastly
The loue by effectyon entreth the herte moze depe
Than of the other for they rest quyetly
Where thoder oftymes bryketh many a slepe
It is so penytrable and so subtylly doeth crepe
Upon a man whiche maketh it so stable
Where in thoder yf one suche corne dyd repe
He wolde to her be aswell agreable.

C. is.

Dysdayne.

CPeraventure he thynkes suche condycyons be in none
As in his loue so substancypall and stedfast
He weneth she be incomperable alone
So þ all worldly stormes can not blowe downe his mast
Not Colus yf he came with his moost stormy blast
Nor the syphone coude cause betwene them dyscorde
So durably he trustes that loue wyll last
He weneth that Cuppe be so continuall a lorde

Pte.

Consyder the grounde and than it dyscus
Where the grounde fayleth can be no suraunce
Cessante causa cessat et effectus
Take awaye the condycyons where is the remembraunce
All is clene gone but where affectyon doeth enhaunce
There is no chaunge but loue perpetuall
No dyspleasure can dyspoynnt theyr desyred dalyaunce
But be entred in the booke of fame to be memoꝝpall

Chautour.

Dysdayne to speke was very desyrous
Had not credence interrupted his language
Whiche made suche haste to her lady amercous
That somthyng she poynted because of her vyage
For the whiche she lyke a woman ryght sage
Made a pause and spake in wordes compendyous
And tellynge she was comen accordyng to her message
And in this wyse she spake in wordes effectuous

Credence.

It pleaseth your grace of your beneuolence
To direct to me by fantasy your letters myssue
Wherby I consydered and ryght well dyd pꝛeꝛence
That I without contradyccyon excuse or stryfe

Conoble wordes ioyous and comfortable
Prudence propre pastyme pleasure and prouysyon
In this good lady were ryght notable
From dotage dysdayne daunger and derisyon
I wene she was pꝛeserued by some wysyon
For the whiche desyre of good and herty mynde
Spake these wordes without mysprysyon
His mynde expꝛessyng by wordes propre and kynde

Desyre.

Opꝛecyous pꝛyncesse of pꝛeclcte pulcꝛytude
I can not compasse your compassyble kyndnes
Whan it hath pleased your benygnyte & gratytude
That I myght entre your gardyn my mynde to expꝛes
I am of no suche abylyte as ye make me doubtles
But syth ye haue enhabled me of your benygnyte
God rewarde you þ it hath pleased you to enhaunce my
(dygnyte.

The eternall god rewarde you accordyngly
yf any of his powers regarde folkes pꝛtyouse
yf Iustyce be in any place acquyted duely
O what worlde brought forth your body delycouse
What parentes gate suche one to be so amercous
your couテナuce doeth reioyse me & encreseth my myꝛthe
your vertue pꝛoueth your parentage to be of noble byꝛthe

As longe as þ flodes renne with water byolent
As longe as shadowes shall about hylles appere
And whye there shall be ony sterres in the firmament
So longe shall your loue my herte and body stere
your honour and name shall be expꝛessed without fere
Syth ye be not barpaunt but stedfast and substancypall
Therfore god you acquyte with Joye perpetuall.

Sholde resorte to your presence syth I durynge my lyue
Am boude to your zmaundemēt yet haue I donc offence
But I dyd it for this entent elles me from lyfe depyue
That me thought it not mete to gyue hasty credence

Beaute.

I repute no blame in you ye came in good season
ye haue well aspyed your tyme I holde me content
your excuse I allowe it is grounde on reason
Here hath ben moche besynes syth ye heng went
Now I wyll declare my pleasure syth ye be present
As touchynge desyre after whose supplicacyon
Betwene Pyte & Dysdayne hath ben a sore argument
Tyll ye interrupted theyr cōmunycacyon

Pyte and dysdayne gyue ye good audyence
And ye desyre take this for an answer
Syth now is comyn to me credence
I wyll no lenge make delay nor defarre
But I cōmaunde you two to cese your ples and warre
And you desyre I wyll to my fauour take
Syth me to please aduenture so well ye darre
I were to blame yf I sholde you forsake

Forther I wyll that ye enioye and procede
The moost parte of this gardyn of affeccyon
yf ye lacke ony thyng ye shall haue it at nebe
And for the tender zeal ampte and dyleccyon
That I haue to you ye shall haue proteccyon
Ouer me and myn durynge my mortall lyfe
I wyll moxcouer be subdued to your correccon
yf it lyke you to mary me & haue me to your wyse

Chaucour.

C. iij.

Chaucour.

This sayd he was auauced by cōmaundemēt of beaute
To her owne sete the chayre of preemynence
Where as dysdayne was so enupouse and angre
That she fared as one without intellygence
Saynge I wyll nolenger tary I wyll go heng
Syth that as soone is auauced a man of yesterdaye
Hauynge no good property as one that without offence
Hath contynued from yonge ayege in seruyce alway.

Than she tozned her backe full skornfully
And towarde the gates she hyed a hasty pace
And from thens she was conueyd by fantasy
To that she was clene without the palace
Than pyte sayd what soz grace
Where is dysdayne is she gone without leue
For sothe that were a very heuy case
yet I trust it sholde not many folkes greue.

Noyse rumour and fame went shortly all abrode
Within the garden that dysdayne was clerely gone
Whiche caused many louers that made longe abode
To complayne to theyr ladyes they went all alone
They fered than nothyng but made theyr mone
And sone were sped and went out at the gate
Where as afore there coude not haue passed one
Fantasy stode alwaye so contynual thereat.

Whiche lyberty encreased amonge them suche Joyes
That me thought I herde y lowynge of many an instru
Whiche grete tryumphe & penytrable noyse
Caused Morpheus to banysh the incontynent

(ment

Because it was not necessary he sholde be present
But auopde from thens where is noyse and company
Whan he was gone I waked and sodaynly dyd spent
So astonyed I knewe not where I was perfyte.

CMoyses banyshed thauktour
speketh in this wyse

The daye was comyn and kest a dymme lyght
The sonne vnder cloudes by weder tempestyoule
Dreble thonder & lyghtnyng soze troubled my syght
And therwith a betyng shour a stozme rygorouse
Waked me out of slepe it was so Jeoperdouse
And where as I wened I had be waked w mynstrelsy
It was contrary whiche made my mynde so troublouse
That I coude no waye rest neyther lpyth stande ne lye
Than I remembred all my dreame and fantasy
Sayenge for the remembraunce of this sodayne chaunge
I entende to wyte the maner herof ryght shortly
That folkes may consyder this worlde is but straunge

Et to the Wyndowe I walked a softe pace
Ofte syghynge and sobbynge with an heuy herte
To se where I coude espye of pleasure the palace
Of thynhabytauntes therof perceyue ony parte
Cyther conforzte or kyndenys whiche made me to smerte
Fantasy or eloquence whiche dyd desyre forder
Wete with Beaute was whan I dyd thus departe
I loked for theyr places where they stode in order
yf I coude se Credence walkynge in ony broder
I loked for all these yet I sawe none alas
Whiche brought to mynde wordes of salomō of wysdome
Vanitas vanitatū & oia mūdi vanitas. (recozder

Where is Sampson for all his grete strength
Where is the sage Salomon for all his prudence
Wetche hath and wyll deuoure all at lenth
Where is blysses for all his eloquence
Where became Crassus for his ryches and opulence
Where is lucrece for all her chastyte
Where is alexander whiche subdued to his obedyence
Whoche of the worlde by his marcyalyte
Where is Tully whiche had pryncypalyte
Wuer all oratours in parfyte rethoryke
Where be all the .iiij. doctours of dyuynyte
Where is arystotyll for all his phylosophy and logyke.

Be not all these departed frome this transytoy lyfe
Pet theym to dyuers places our creatour dyd name
With egall Iugement without debate or stryfe
Acco:dyng to theyr merytes he dyd rewarde or blame
Therfore for your soules helth vse vertue & drede shame
And as to the worlde labour alway for loue
That ye may perpetually reyne in good fame
It shall be to you all ryches aboue
As by experyence oftymes it doeth proue
Of suche as haue had subgetts wout loue them to drede
From they be of power than they do theyr mynde remoue
And so theyr maysters fayle whan they haue nede

And ye that wyll be louers of ladyes ampyable
Ye maye not be sleuthfull but about theym dylygent
And alwaye to theyr pleasures ye must be agreable
Yf ye intende theyr myndes to content
But fyrst fyxe your mynde there as it may be well spent
Be secrete and stedfast without mutabylte

Be bolde and couragvous fulfyll theyr commaundement
With a quicke and hasty spede as ye by possyblyte
May or can nothyng is better than agylyte
With contynuall presence nothyng can helpe more
For Ouyde sayth els your loue shall not rest in trāquylyte
Vanescetq; absens et nouus intrat amor.

¶ These reasons reuolued in my remembraunce
When that iorowe was somthyng modestyed.
Than grete trouble my mynde dyde enhaunce
What sholde be cause that I had be occupied
With this dreame yet shortly I aspyed
That this amercous study of Cupyde and Phebus
Was cause therof whiche coude not be denyed
Therfore in mynde I dyd playnly duscus
That I wolde study nomore and specyally thus
I wolde muse no more in the euenyng so late
But conclude this shortly in wordes compendyous
Lest I sholde be as I was erste in myserable estate

¶ Volunte ie ay mais ie ne
veulx mon cuer chaunger.

¶ Thenuoie.

¶ Go humble style submytte the to correccyon
Be not so bolde to presume to the presence
Of ony but suche as be enuyronde with effeccyon
Let them arrect theyr eeres to rebuke thy neglygence
To them thou perteynest of due congruence
Let them more curiously thy rurall termes affyle
How thou sholdest be amended they haue best intellygence
Therfore submytte the to theym my pooze & humble style

Cy fony that be moze sad delytynge in grauyte
 And yf forther age wolde agayne the gyue euydence
 Sayenge thep were well occupied y were troubled w the
 Wrote not Ouyde in as low style whiche yf they pzevence
 They may thynke y I to auoyde of flouth the byolence
 Made this without cloke oz rethorpcall language
 Thynkynge that I ought not of due conuenyence
 Wrytethe in so hyghe style as wyse stozes and sage.

Finis.

Lenuoy de Robert Coplande lymprimeur.

A Ton aucteur/batan petit liure et
 Et luy prier/dexcuser ton empraint
 Ce faulte ia/de par moy incorrect
 Par la copie souuent iestoiz constraint
 De diuigner/ou lencre cestoit destaint
 Ce nonobstant/ien ay faict mon debuoir
 Pour son plaisir/dassemler blanc et noir.

Treshonoure filz/du seigneur latimer
 Surnome Reupl/de noble parentaige
 O maistre guillme/en sens et vertu cler
 Aucteur de ce/côme bon clerc et saige
 A vous/ie recommaunde cest ouuraige
 De moy indigne/sinon par vostre suffraunce
 En ce monstrant/ma folle ignozaunce.

Lfin de Lenuoy.

CBallade royalle.

Az one dhonneur/et de magnificence
Par excellence triumpgant en haulteur
Playne de bigeur/et de douce clemence
Par braye semence/naturel seigneur
Henry la fleur/et gubernateur
Dengleterre/en refulgence
Dieu le gard/de mal/et de douleur
Et honny soit qui mal y pence.

CR. Coplande to thauctour.

Take ye in gre/o worthy mayster myne
This rubryke frenshe/in verses incorret
No meruayle is/though they speche be not spene
For in scole nor cowntre/I neuer toke effect
And frome your boke/let them be vndeiect
Without your lycence/yf I dyd them impresse
Pardon I praye you/of this my homelynesse

En passant le temps sans mal pencer.

Quod Coplande.

Enpynnted at London in the Fleetestrete at the
sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn' de worde.

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